MARVEL
MYSTERY
COMICS
DECEMBER
NO. 50
10¢

MARVEL COMICS

DECEMBER NO. 50

WITH THIS OFFER

FREE THIS AMAZING SPEEDRY BRUSHPEN KIT TO HELP YOU LEARN CARTOONING

[illegible]

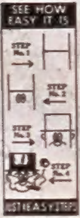
DRAW FOR BIG PAY

ACTUALLY DRAW FUNNY FACES AND PROFESSIONAL-LIKE LETTERS IN ONE SIMPLE LESSON!

[illegible]

Four Easy Steps By FRANK WEBB

[illegible]



Read All You Get

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ACT NOW! [illegible]

SEND NO MONEY

Only 2 To A Customer

[illegible]

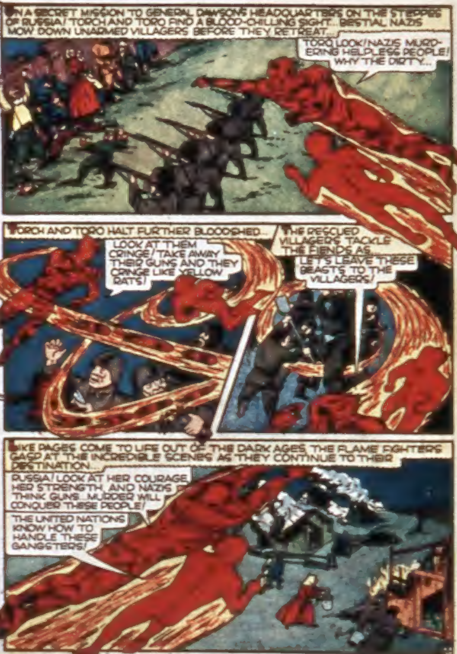
PUBLISHERS ART SERVICE [illegible]

MAIL TODAY

[illegible]

MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS [illegible]

THE HUMAN TORCH
SPIES AND TRAITORS HELD THE FATE OF MOSCOW IN THEIR BLOODY GRIP! BUT TORCH AND TORO FLAME THROUGH THE EVIL WEB OF INTRIGUE IN - - -
"BATTLING THE NAZI VULTURES!"


ON A SECRET MISSION TO GENERAL DAWSON'S HEADQUARTERS ON THE STEPPES OF RUSSIA! TORCH AND TORO FIND A BLOOD-CHILLING SIGHT... BESTIAL NAZIS MOW DOWN UNARMED VILLAGERS BEFORE THEY RETREAT...
TORO LOOK! NAZIS MURDERING HELPLESS PEOPLE! WHY THE DIRTY...
TORCH AND TORO HALT FURTHER BLOODSHED...
LOOK AT THEM CRINGE! TAKE AWAY THEIR GUNS AND THEY CRINGE LIKE YELLOW RATS!
THE RESCUED VILLAGERS TACKLE THE FIENDS AS...
LET'S LEAVE THESE BEASTS TO THE VILLAGERS!
LIKE PAGES COME TO LIFE OUT OF THE DARK AGES, THE FLAME FIGHTERS GASP AT THE INCREDIBLE SCENES AS THEY CONTINUE TO THEIR DESTINATION...
RUSSIA! LOOK AT HER COURAGE, HER STRENGTH, AND NAZIS THINK GUNS...MURDER WILL CONQUER THESE PEOPLE!
THE UNITED NATIONS KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THESE GANGSTERS!

THE PAIR ARRIVE AT THEIR DESTINATION, GENERAL DAWSON'S HEADQUARTERS.
THAT MUST BE GENERAL DAWSON'S TENT!
WELCOME BOYS!
GLAD TO BE HERE, GENERAL!
WE'VE GOT A BIG JOB FOR YOU!
THAT'S WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR, SIR!
THE GENIAL DEMEANOR NOW MASKED GRIM RESOLUTION. GENERAL DAWSON OUTLINES HIS VITAL PLANS.
RUSSIA, SINGLE HANDED HAS DONE A GREAT JOB...THE NAZIS ARE ON THE RUN BUT THEY'RE NOT LICKED YET!
TO GET TO GENERAL VON BOCK'S RESERVES, OUR TROOPS MUST TRAVEL OVER TERRITORY STUDDED WITH BOOBY TRAPS AND MINES PLANTED BY THE RETREATING ARMY! WE WANT YOU TO FOLLOW THIS ROUTE AND BLOW UP THOSE MINES!
THE IDEA IS TO SAVE AS MANY LIVES AS POSSIBLE! OUR MEN, GUNS, TANKS WILL FOLLOW IMMEDIATELY BEHIND YOU.

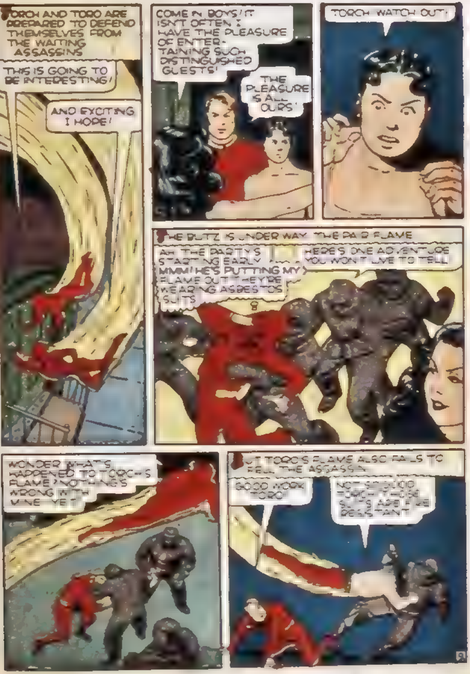
TORO AND TORO ARE OFF ON THE GREATEST ADVENTURE OF THEIR CAREERS!
GEE! A REAL GENERAL!
YES, TORO, A REAL GENERAL AND A GREAT FIGHTER!
THE FLAME SOLDIERS ALIGHT AT A POST DESERTED BY THE FLEEING NAZIS.
HERE'S WHERE WE START WORK!
THE RATZIS LEFT SOME REAL PURTY AMMUNITION BEHIND!
YES, THIS FOR INSTANCE. LET'S SEE IF IT'S A BOOBY TRAP! LET'S GO!
TERRIFIC EXPLOSION RENDS THE AIR.
WOW! THIS WHOLE SET-UP IS A BOOBY TRAP!
THE EARTH TREMBLES AS THE FLAMING RAID SPATTE THE CUNNINGLY HIDDEN LAND MINES!
AFTER THE STIRRING SIGHT OF ALLIED SOLDIERS MARCHING SIDE BY SIDE TO MEET THE ENEMY.
HERE THEY COME, TORO! WHAT A SIGHT!

HOURS LATER...THE PAIR STOP IN A CAFE IN BOMB-SCARRED STALINGRAD
THAT'S AN "INTERESTING" LOOKING COUPLE, TORCH
YES, AND THEY SURE ARE LOOKING US OVER!
WHILE AT THE TABLE, THE COUPLE WHISPER...
I WANT YOU TO KEEP YOUR EYES ON THAT HUMAN TORCH FELLOW!
AND THE REASON, CAPTAIN?
BECAUSE, STEPHANIE, I WANT YOU TO GO TO WORK ON HIM AND THE YOUNG SQUIRT!
LET'S DANCE! I WILL EXPLAIN FURTHER!
TORCH AND TORO HAVE JUST COMPLETED A MILITARY SCOOP FOR GENERAL DAWSON! G-2 PLANS TO USE THESE FLAMING FOOLS FOR FUTURE MISSIONS! WE MUST STOP THEM!
A HIDEOUS FIGURE BRUSHES BY THE GLAMOROUS STEPHANIE AND...
TORO LOOK! IT SEEMS WE'VE PICKED UP THE TRAIL OF THOSE SPIES GENERAL DAWSON WANTS US TO ROUND UP!
YOU MEAN SHE'S A SPY? SAY! I SAW THAT FELLOW BEGGING!
TORCH MASKS HIS SUSPICIONS, GOES OVER TO STEPHANIE AND THE CAPTAIN...
WOULD THE CAPTAIN OBJECT IF AN AMERICAN ASKED THE LADY FOR A DANCE?
ER, I'D BE DELIGHTED!

WHY DON'T YOU LET ME HOLD THIS SLIP OF PAPER FOR YOU ? I'LL PUT IT IN MY POCKET FOR SAFEKEEPING.
NO! NO! IT ISN'T NECESSARY. I WILL NOT LOSE IT!
AFTER THE DANCE...
MY NOTE, PLEASE, CAPTAIN LANDIS... AND I ARE LEAVING NOW!
OH YES, YOUR NOTE. HOW COULD I FORGET!
THIS IS BAD! I'M AFRAID I'VE DROPPED IT... I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND THE DANCE FLOOR!
MINUTES LATER, THE COUPLE PREPARE TO LEAVE THE CAFE.
THINK NOTHING OF IT, TORCH! IT WAS JUST A NOTE CANCELING AN APPOINTMENT WITH FRIENDS!
I'M SORRY! I WAS CLUMSY!
ALLOWING A FEW SECONDS TO ELAPSE, TORCH AND TODD SET OUT TO FOLLOW.
I DON'T GET IT! IF HE'S A CAPTAIN, WHY IS HE SO FRIENDLY WITH A SPY?
WE'LL SOON KNOW! THERE THEY ARE. LET'S TAIL THEM!
WEASEL FACE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? HAVEN'T I WARNED YOU TO KEEP AWAY FROM STEPHANIE'S HOME?
YOU TWO MUST BE MAD! I SAW YOU DANCE WITH TORCH AND HAND HIM THE NOTE!

YOU ARE STILL BEAUTIFUL STEPHANIE BUT NO LONGER CLEVER! IF YOU VALUE YOUR BEAUTY, BEWARE!
WATCH YOUR TONGUE, WEASEL! THE NOTE IS LOST, BUT IT IS NO MATTER! I HAVE MEMORIZED THE MESSAGE! WE WILL RELAY IT IMMEDIATELY!
CUNNINGLY CONCEALED, A DISCERNING AGENT SPINS WIRELESS SET.
HE WILL NEVER SUSPECT THAT BETWEEN THE LINES IN INVISIBLE INK IS A MESSAGE THAT JUST BE DIPPED IN WATER TO BE SEEN!
THE ALLIES WILL WALK INTO THEIR OWN TRAP! LET'S DRINK A TOAST TO OUR BELOVED FÜHRER!
MEANWHILE BACK AT TORCH AND TORO'S HOTEL ROOM...
NOW THAT WE KNOW WHERE STEPHANIE LIVES, WHAT NEXT?
I'LL HAVE THE ANSWER IN A MINUTE...I HOPE!
THE PAIR STUDY THE "LOST" NOTE.
I KNEW YOU WERE ACTING WHEN YOU SAID YOU LOST THE NOTE!
THIS MESSAGE IS SURE GIBBERISH AS INNOCENT AS IT LOOKS! I'LL TRY IT!
TORCH TESTS THE PAPER IN WATER...
COME HERE, TORO! NAZI SPIES HAVE LEARNED WE INTEND TO ATTACK THEIR STRONGHOLD!

THE FLAME FLIERS RACE THRU SPACE TO CONTACT GENERAL DAWSON
ONLY TWELVE HOURS BEFORE OUR FORCES ATTACK THE NAZIS! THEY'LL BE DECIMATED IF THEY AREN'T STOPPED
GENERAL! THE GERMANS HAVE LEARNED OF THE ATTACK TO TAKE PLACE TOMORROW
WHAT!
THE ASTOUNDED GENERAL SENDS WORD TO THE SOVIET HIGH COMMAND
CAPTAIN LANDIS IS AN IMPOSTOR! THE REAL LANDIS IS DEAD! TORCH, WE'VE GOT TO GET THOSE SPIES
MEANWHILE BEHIND BOLTED DOORS, THE PHONY CAPTAIN DONS A NAZI UNIFORM
TORCH AND TORO MUST BE KILLED
AN AMERICAN BOMBER AND
GENERAL DAWSON!
GO WITH ME
I WILL ASK TORCH TO COME NOW. GOOD LUCK TO YOU HERR KLUTZ!
I WILL ATTACK AT THREE SHARP THIS MORNING!
UNKNOWN TO THE SPIES A DICTAPHONE IS TRANSMITTING EVERY WORD TO TORCH AND TORO
BACK IN THE FLAME FLIERS ROOM LISTENING
WELL, TORO, STEPHANIE WANTS US TO COME TO TEA
NICE FOR SENDING US AN INVITATION TO DEATH. NOW LISTEN TO THIS
THE PAIR ARE STAGGERED BY THE IMPOSTERS NEXT WORDS
COMPLETE PLANS
KREMLIN
THEY'LL GET A FINE RECEPTION FROM THE RUSSIANS. AH THERE'S THE PHONE STEPHANIE'S PROMPT


TORCH AND TORO ARE PREPARED TO DEFEND THEMSELVES FROM THE WAITING ASSASSINS
THIS IS GOING TO BE INTERESTING!
AND EXCITING I HOPE!
COME IN BOYS! IT ISN'T OFTEN I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF ENTERTAINING SUCH DISTINGUISHED GUESTS!
THE PLEASURE IS ALL OURS!
TORCH WATCH OUT!
THE BLITZ IS UNDER WAY. THE PAIR FLAME
AH THE PARTY'S STARTING EARLY
HERE'S ONE ADVENTURE YOU WON'T LIVE TO TELL
MMM! HE'S PUTTING MY FLAME OUT! THEY'RE WEARING ASBESTOS SUITS
WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED TO TORCH'S FLAME? NOTHING'S WRONG WITH MINE YET!
BUT TORO'S FLAME ALSO FAILS TO FELL THE ASSASSIN
GOOD WORK TORO!
9

HA YOU NO LONGER HAVE YOUR FLAMES!
BUT WE CAN STILL FIGHT!
WITH LIGHTNING SPEED TWO NAZIS SIEZE TORCH AND TORO FROM BEHIND A NEEDLE IS JAMMED INTO THEM
IF YOU CAN FIGHT WITHOUT YOUR FLAMES WHAT'S HOLDING YOU BACK? HAW HAW HAW!
HE'S ALREADY TOO SLEEPY TO ANSWER!
IN A SECOND THE DRUG TAKES EFFECT THE INERT FIGURES ARE REMOVED TO ANOTHER ROOM
LET'S KILL THEM NOW! WHY WAIT FOR THE DRUG TO WEAR OFF?
NO! I WANT TO SEE THOSE ONCE STRONG BODIES DIE A SLOW AGONIZING DEATH
THE SADISTIC NAZIS PLACE THE PAIR BENEATH A HUGE IRON SLAB STUDDED WITH RAZOR SHARP PRONGS
I HAVE SET THE INSTRUMENT TO REACH THEM IN HALF AN HOUR THEY WILL BE SEMI-CONSCIOUS BUT UNABLE TO MOVE!
WE WILL RETURN IN HALF AN HOUR TO SEE THE END OF THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO
SLOWLY THE MONSTROUS CRUSHING SLAB MOVES CLOSER TO THE DRUGGED PAIR
BUT THE NAZIS MISJUDGE TORCH'S SUPER-HUMAN RECUPERATIVE POWERS
OH MY HEAD... WH-WHAT'S THIS TORO WAKE UP!

GOT TO SLIDE OUT— EASY DOES IT BOY THAT SLAB IS GETTING TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!
OOOH! I'M STILL DIZZY!
TORCH PULLS TORO FROM CERTAIN DEATH IN THE NICK OF TIME
ANOTHER SECOND AND WE'D HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO MOVE—CRUSHED!
WHAT A WAY TO DIE LEAVE IT TO THE NAZIS TO THINK OF A TRICK LIKE THAT!
THE NAZIS ARE ABOUT TO RETURN TO WATCH TORCH AND TORO DIE WHEN
HIMMEL! WE SHOULD HAVE KILLED DEM RIGHT AWAY

THE END

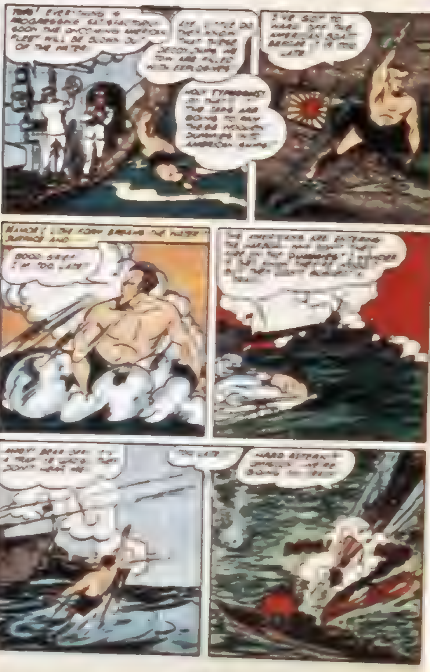
SUB-MARINER
"EERIE HOWL OF THE WOLF PACK"

ABOARD A JAPANESE BATTLESHIP
OUR HONORABLE EMPEROR
BARON TOG..
SPLENDID!
THE SUBMARINER!
TAIE'

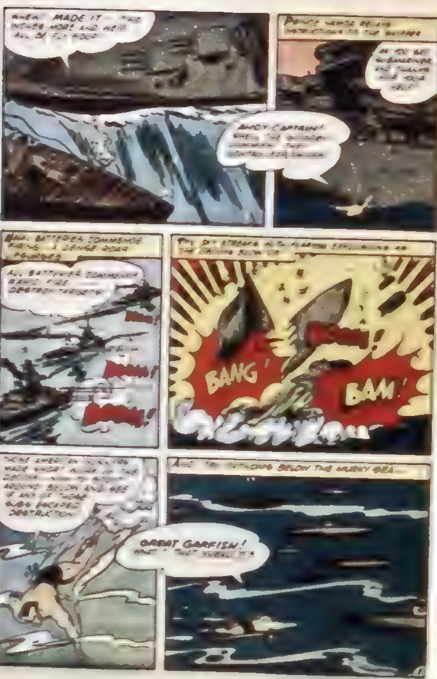
HITOYA!
FIRE -- AT ONCE!
FIRE!
YEOW!
OUT
SUDDENLY
UGH --
ARE! THE WATER-FIEND IS TURNING THE SUB AROUND!

AYOYA!

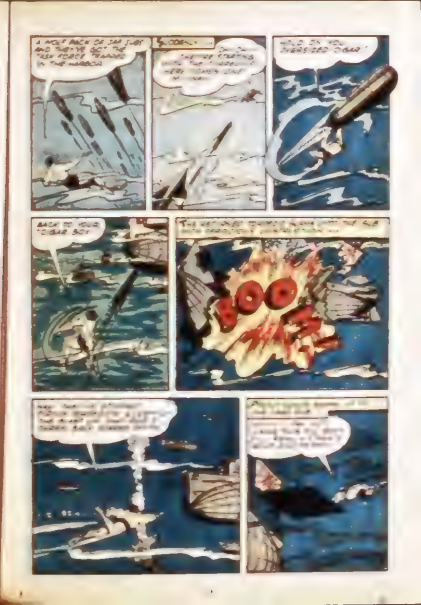
WOODEN
THIS IS
SOME KIND OF TRAP
SAY!



CRASH!
BLAM!!
BEARD
I MUST!



AHOY CAPTAIN!
BANG!
BAM!
GREAT GARFISH!


A HALF HOUR OR SO LATER AND THEY'VE GOT THE OLD FORT ISLAND IN THE HARBOR!
CORRECT.
WHAT DO YOU THINK SID DAVE?
BACK TO YOUR "CLEAR SKY"
BOOM
HOW THE HELL DO YOU KNOW?

LOAD TORPEDO NUMBER TWO!
AYATO!! IT IS THE SUBMARINER!
SMACK!
BAM!
STOP! AHAHHHH! I DO! I DO!
IMMEDIATELY

THE MESSAGE FLASHES PROMPTLY TO ALL ENEMY SUBS..
ALL SUBMERSIBLES SURFACE AT ONCE--- SURFACE!
WHILE ABOARD THE FLAGSHIP!
HOLY GOSH! SUBS --- PACKS OF 'EM!

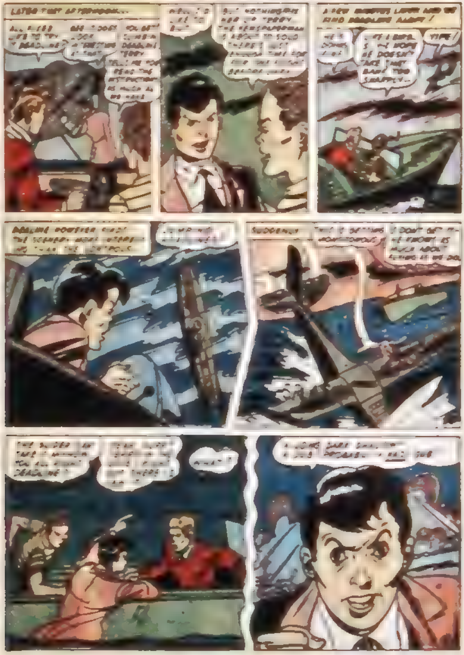
LET'S HOPE YOUR HEAD'S HARD ENOUGH TO CRACK THE PLATES.
CRASH!!
The SUB MARINER exits for Now!!

Terry Vance
The School Boy Sleuth
DEADLINE DAWSON'S DAY OFF!
THIS AREA PROTECTED AT 5,000 VOLTS

DEADLINE MEETS NICKIE FOR THE FIRST TIME...
HOW'S ABOUT A HOP, NICK?
NICK CLIMBS INTO THE MOTOR BOAT
WITH ME! SEE YOU LATER, DEADLINE!
BOY, DEADLINE, GLIDING IS GREAT FUN!
SO IS FISHING AND HECK OF A LOT SAFER!

YES, AND TERRY INTENDS TO
SAY RICKIE--DOESN'T
TO THEIR FIELD OF ACTION?
SAND BAR WE'VE BEEN VERY CAREFUL
WE'LL GAIN SOME ALTITUDE FROM THE HEAT WAVES REFLECTED OFF THE SAND BAR DR WATSON AND...
TO BE MUCH STRONGER THAN TERRY SUSPECTED!
OHHH THERE GOES MY STOMACH HANG ON DR WATSON WE'RE HEADING OUT TO SEA
YEAH AND HE'S RIGHT OVER THE COAST GUARD CUTTER THEY CAN'T MISS HIM
ON THE CUTTER
THOSE BOYS AGAIN WARN THEM WITH LOUD SPEAKER SEAMAN
AYE AYE SIR
GET OUT OF RESTRICTED AREA FAST
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I PLAN TO DO GRAB SOMETHING DR WATSON WE'RE LOSING ALTITUDE FAST!
HOLY SMOKES WE LOST THE THERMAL WE'LL NEVER GET OVER THAT SAND BAR NOW

EPLOP!


YIPE!
SUDDENLY

TERRY VANCE AND HIS PALS WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT MARVEL!

THE FIRST TIME

DANNY Clayton had to die and Pete Selby had appointed himself executioner. It took a brainy guy to out-smart the cops as long as Pete had. It took a brainy guy to lay off when the heat got hot. Pete had had brains enough for both and now, tempted by a lush prize, he was back again. Danny stood in the way of that prize [illegible] Danny had to be disposed of.

Pete had landed the job in the subway and of course he'd had to use his noodle where the application forms were concerned. Now the job faced Pete and, with calm and cunning, he'd worked out the simple details. He'd have plenty of time, walking those glistening tracks, to set his trap. He knew the ropes down here now, knew when he might run into one of the "walkers" or a crew changing a "frog."

Tony must have checked up on Pete. Tony was paying the dough, for when that stretch of underground from up-town down to the business district would be a shambles, out of commission for a long time to come. That meant disrupting travel for millions of workers in the city and that, in turn, would run into staggering figures for man-hours lost. A couple of sticks of explosives, set off by thundering wheels, would do the job completely and efficiently.

Pete wasn't so sure how Danny had tumbled at first, or even if he had tumbled. Danny was a conscientious, hospitable guy. He'd stumbled onto Pete knocking off a few winks down there underground when he should have been patroling his strip of rails, making sure the "frogs" were okay, keeping the braces all tight, checking the ties. It had been a tiresome job, and a guy had to watch for trains coming, to be sure the end of the lantern was turned the right way for a warning. A guy had to watch that he didn't step onto a "frog" or switch, just as it was getting the air from the dispatcher's tower.

Danny had come along the tracks that night to where Pete was wedged into a crevice sleeping. The tip of Danny's boot prodded Pete into life.

Danny's voice had quivered with anger. "Don't you know millions of lives depend on you down here? You've got a job to do. You're supposed—"

"I know," Pete had picked up his lantern, felt like letting Danny have it in the face. "I'm supposed to march up and down these damned tracks, just to be sure everything's okay. I've worn a pair of shoes out already and haven't ever found anything wrong. Probably never will."

"You haven't because a good man had that stretch before his induction," Danny [illegible]. "Were you ever on the job before?"

Pete felt his heart squeeze. Had Danny seen an infrequent picture and [illegible] remembered it? "I wasn't," Pete snapped. "Better mind your own business. Unless you're looking for trouble."

But evidently Danny Clayton hadn't been impressed, for the next day Pete Selby was called up on the carpet. He was on it just long enough to get his walking papers. No more no less.

THERE were no guards on the platform now and the dispatcher's office was hidden behind the stairs leading to the upper level. Pete Selby touched the gun under his arm, slid out along the narrow walk and down the stairs. He stepped swiftly, surely over the third rail covering, into the narrow lane beyond. He headed off into the darkness, pausing once to make sure he was not seen.

It smelled of tar and tracks. There was a hissing of static electricity and the damp of the walls that sent a chill through Pete's clothes. He pushed ahead, keeping a sharp eye out along the tracks. It was almost midnight and few trains were running. The sound of them carried well ahead but Pete wasn't taking chances. Every so often he stepped across into the other lane to have a look. Danny would be up ahead somewhere, working down, checking all four lanes as

be came.

A faint grin twisted Pete Selby's lips. After the fast express got through Danny's lifeless body there wouldn't be anything for the coroner to tag Pete with. There certainly wouldn't be enough in which to locate a bullet wound.

THE red of Danny's swinging lantern poked out of the dark toward Pete and he hesitated, then pushed on, following the opposite track till he came to where Danny was tightening up a tie. The tracks switched here, crossing to another line.

Danny picked up his lantern and turned. He saw Pete Selby then and stopped, peering through the dark. He turned the white face of the lantern around [illegible] he asked. "What are you doing here? I thought—"

"You thought right. I got the gate. I warned you [illegible]." Pete let the rest go, moving forward to straddle a "frog."

For a moment there was nothing but the damp stillness. Then Danny said, "You're not scaring anyone—"

"Maybe not." Pete's hand slid under his coat. He doubted whether in the dim light and through his glasses, Danny could see the motion. Pete said, "I'm paying you off for squealing—"

Pete ducked as Danny leaped at him, swinging the heavy wrench. He stumbled and Pete [illegible] in a short hack that sent Danny already off balance flying to his face across the ties. Pete reached for the gun. Then he left it, picked up the heavy wrench. This would be better. More in keeping with things to come.

Danny got clumsily to his feet. He looked white against the dark, and Pete chuckled, the wrench over his shoulder. Danny whimpered, "What—are you going to do?"

Pete Selby laughed. It had a hollow mocking sound down here. "This ride won't even cost you a nickel. It's one way. When they pick up what's left of you from the tracks, they'll think you fell under the cars. Maybe—they'll figure you went to sleep on the job, eh?"

OFF in the distance came that faint sigh of sound, heralding the approach of a string of cars. Danny moved back, stumbling over the edge of a tie. Clumsy guy, Pete thought. It was a wonder he hadn't been killed before.

Danny stammered, "You—you'll be a murderer—"

Pete taunted, "How? I'm smart, kid. I don't get caught. Only the dumb ones do, and they're all up now in the big house. But not for me, kid. I'm smart. Smart enough to make a nice piece of change wrecking the tube!"

Up the black tunnel the ominous rumble grew closer rising to dim thunder in the cavern. The air stirred to life about them, wisps of paper scattering before the tide of the wind. The tracks clicked and chattered, lifting their voices sharply.

Desperately Danny lunged forward. He stumbled. Pete gripped the heavy wrench tightly. He stepped back, slid his foot off the tracks, settled it firmly. Danny caught himself, came on clawing.

A faint hiss of sound reached Pete followed almost simultaneously by a faint rasping—

Pete Selby screamed. The wrench in his hand, already in a half arc, ripped loose, spun from his grip as he twisted. He saw Danny snatch up the red-faced lantern, leap past and up the track, flagging the train.

Again Pete Selby screamed, the sound racketing off into the tunnel, to be crushed beneath that other tide of sound, the roar of the train rushing down upon them. Pain ripped up through Pete's leg and he twisted savagely at it, wrenching himself around. His foot was caught, locked there. He saw the train and hurled his body aside.

Another gush of sickening pain tortured through his body and he fell, striking the iron pillar behind him. Blackness pinned him down there, shutting out the harsh roar of brake shoes clamping.

SLOWLY Pete Selby opened his eyes. Light blazed down into his face. Pain beat through his body in pulsating waves that brought a grim oath to his lips, the sweat oozing from his body. He forced his eyes open at the sound of voices.

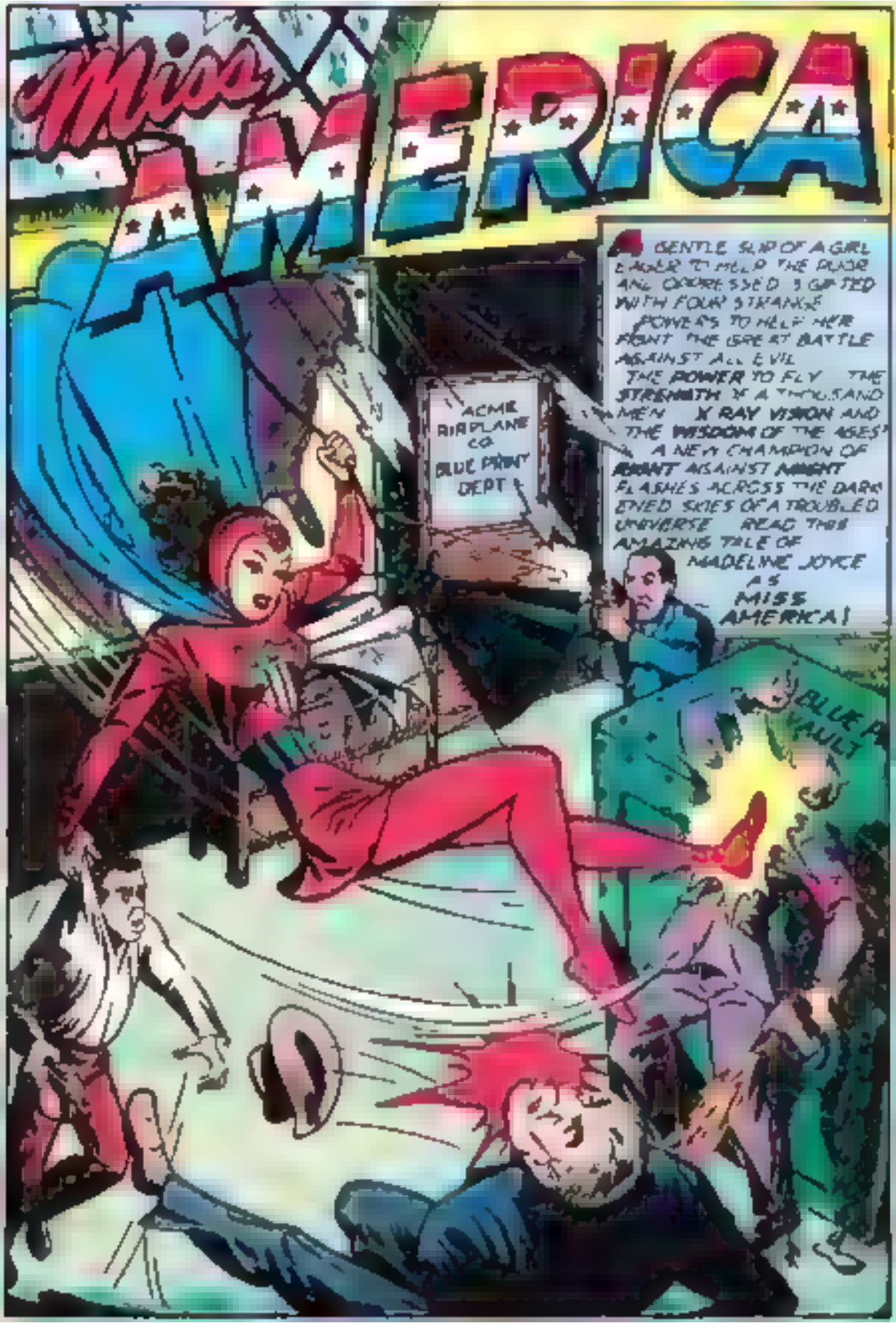
"He had a gun." Danny was telling a policeman. "He talked about wrecking the tube. He had it in for me because I reported him for sleeping on the job."

With an effort Pete mastered his pain-torn body. He gasped, "What— happened?"

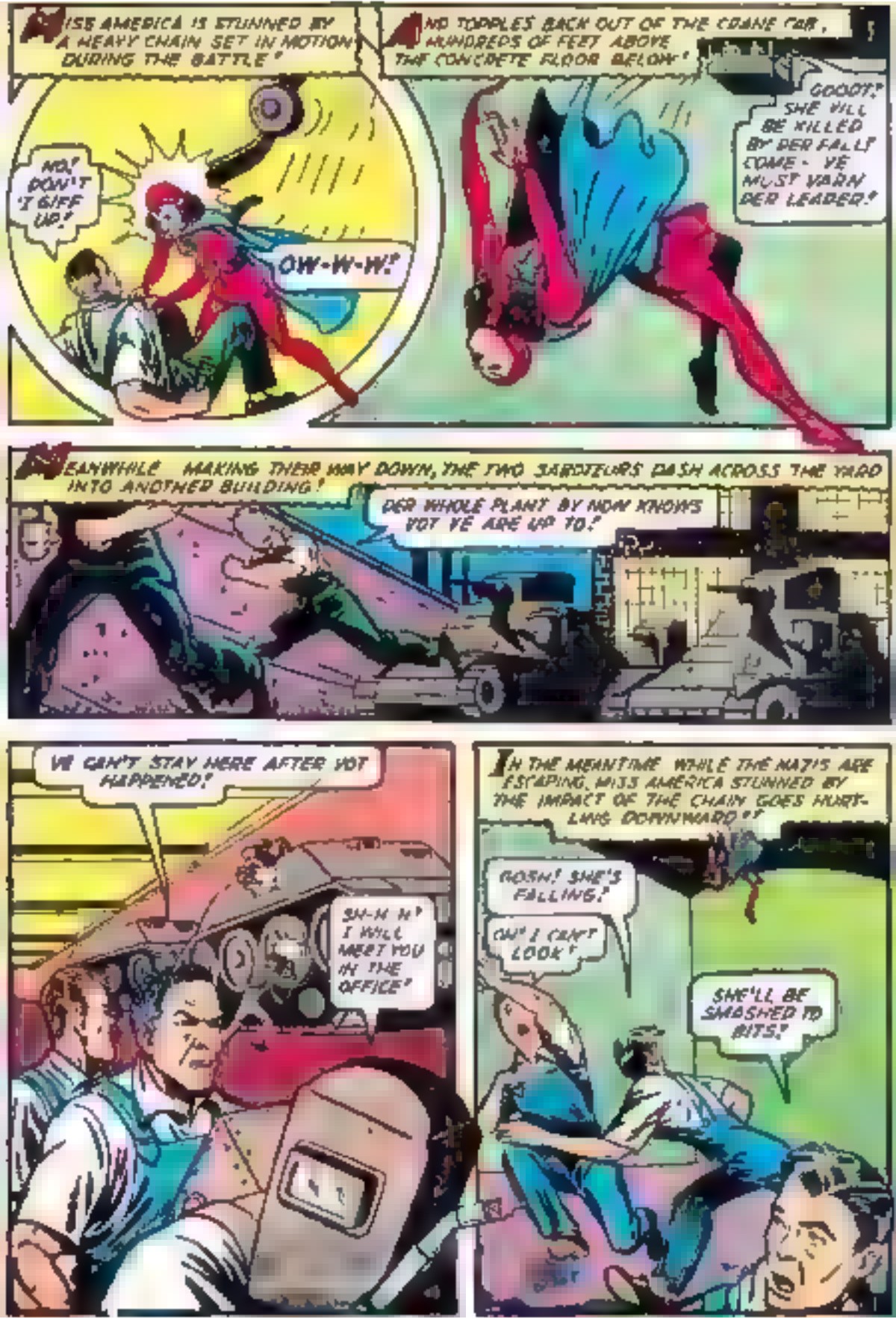
Danny grinned down. "That train was switching to the local line. You wedged your foot into the "frog" just as I got the air. There's enough power back of that switch to crush a man's foot. Wise guy."

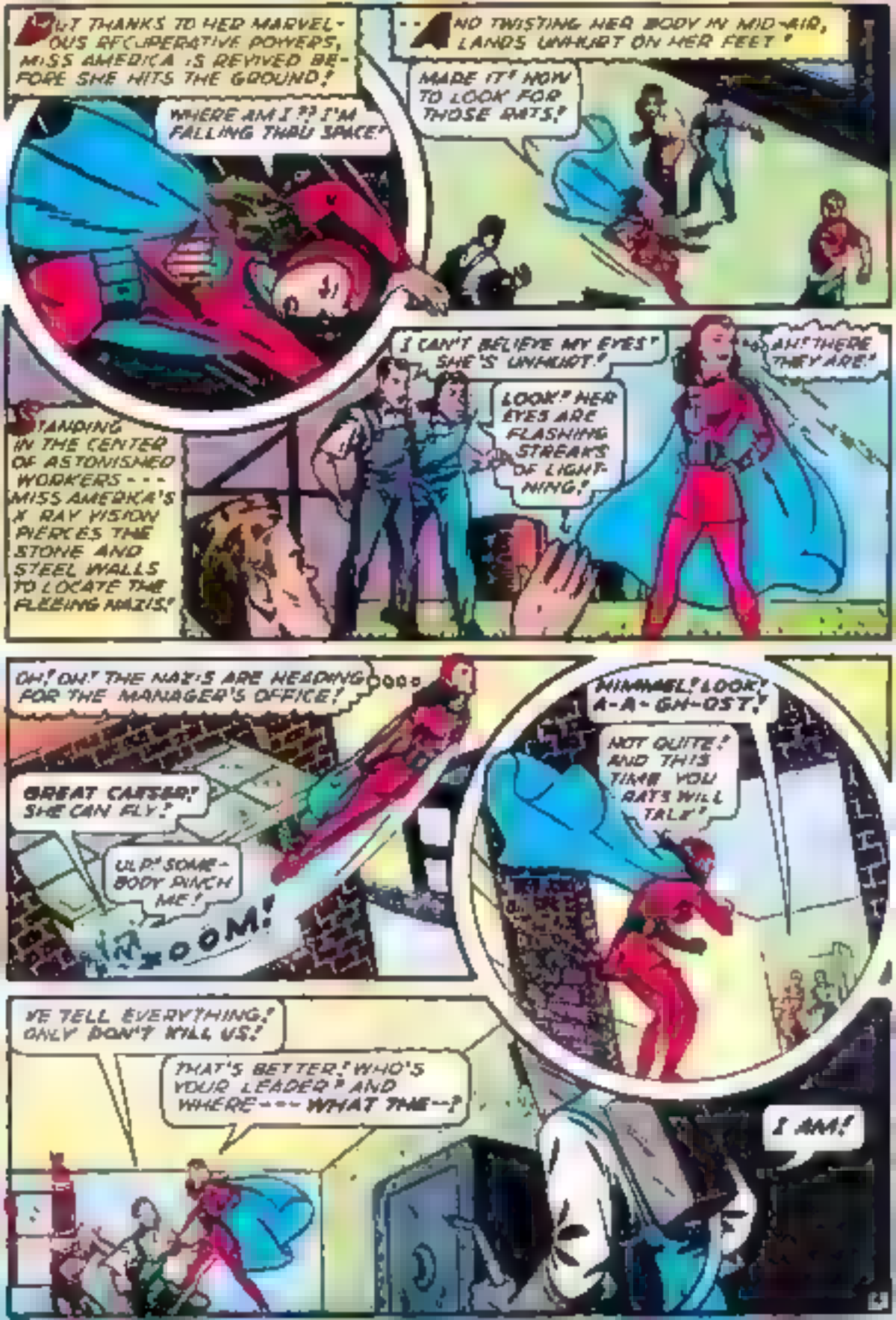
Pete Selby closed his eyes. He wasn't so smart after all. He'd talked too soon. And now at long last he'd see the inside of the big house where the others were. Yes, he'd be there with the rest of the dumb ones!

THE END

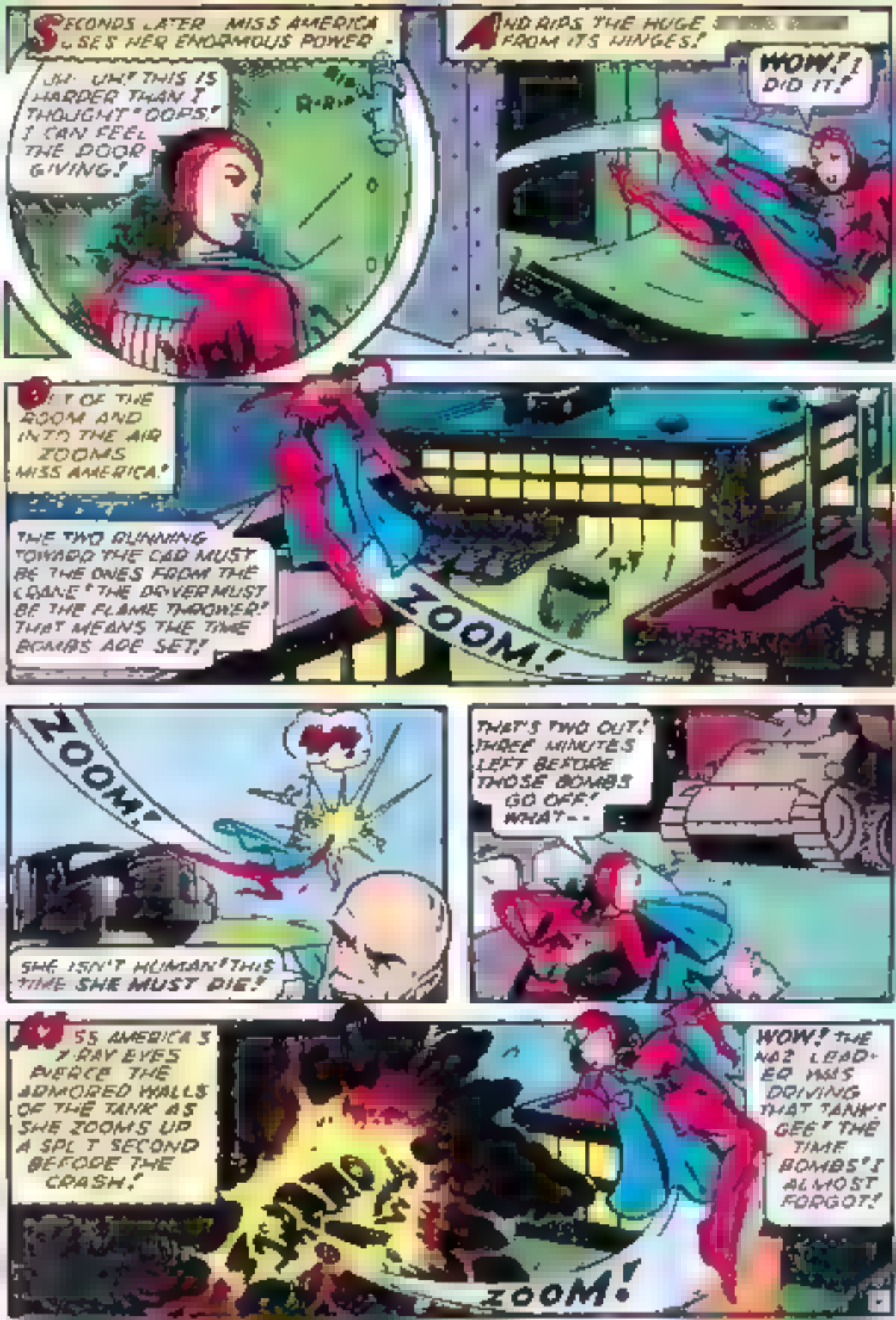

Miss AMERICA
A GENTLE SLIP OF A GIRL EAGER TO HELP THE POOR AND OPPRESSED IS GIFTED WITH FOUR STRANGE POWERS TO HELP HER FIGHT THE GREAT BATTLE AGAINST ALL EVIL
THE POWER TO FLY THE STRENGTH OF A THOUSAND MEN X RAY VISION AND THE WISDOM OF THE AGES
A NEW CHAMPION OF RIGHT AGAINST MIGHT FLASHES ACROSS THE DARK EYED SKIES OF A TROUBLED UNIVERSE READ THIS AMAZING TALE OF MADELINE JOYCE AS MISS AMERICA!
ACME AIRPLANE CO. BLUE PRINT DEPT
BLUE P VAULT

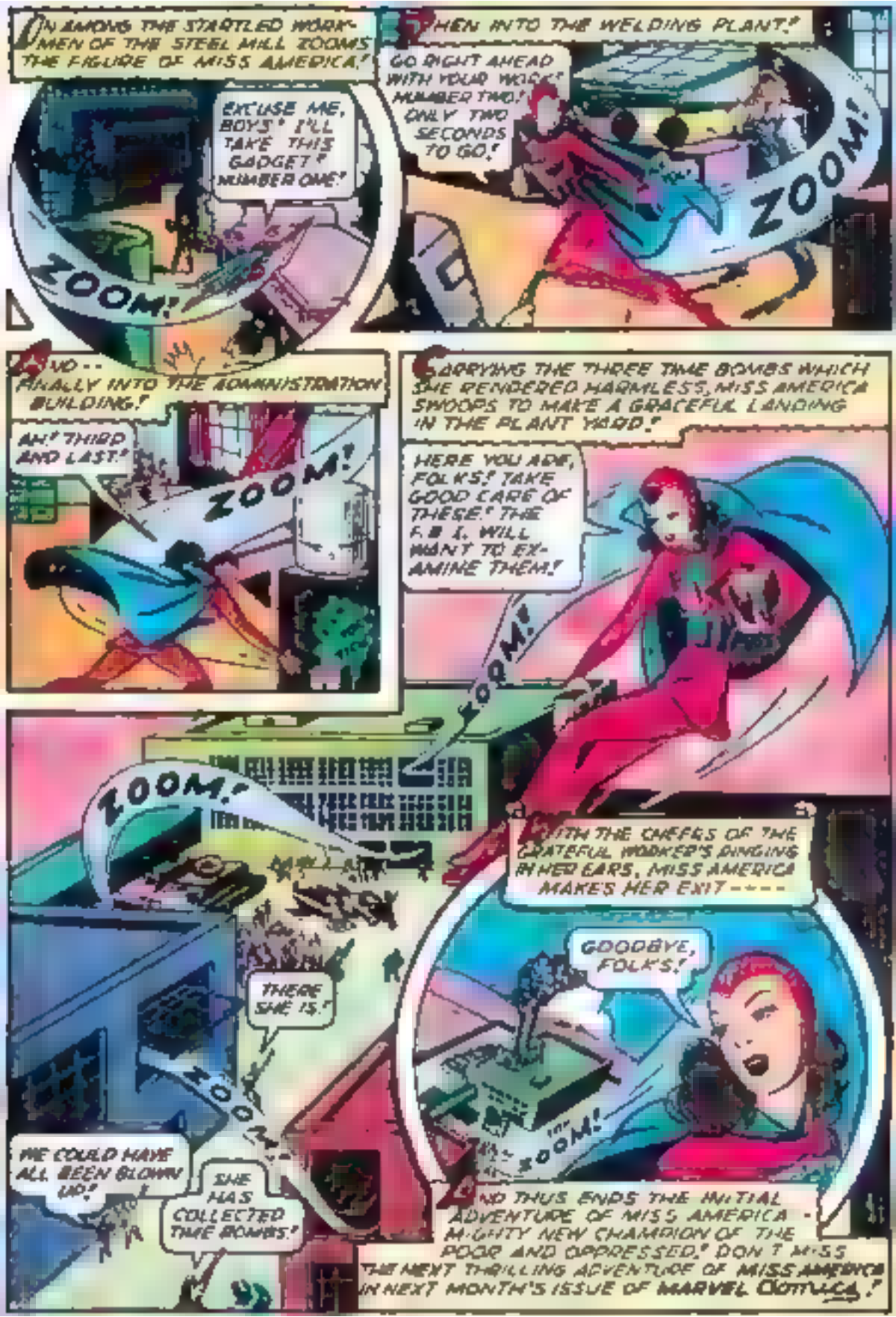
THE STORY SO FAR
MEANWHILE SWEEPING A DAZED MISS AMERICA OUT OF THE CLUTCHES OF A SNEERING MAN IN LEATHER MISS AMERICA'S HEARING AT A DEFENSE PLANT OF HER ALLEGED GUILT OF MISS AMERICA FAILS TO THE PLAN AND LOST IN TIME TO PREVENT A DEED WHEN TWO SINISTER CHARACTERS, HOOK-NOSED MAN AND BALD-HEAD RAISE A HUGE BOULDER OF MATERIAL OVER THE WORKMEN BELOW AFTER PUSHING THE FOREMAN OUT OF THE WAY - - MISS AMERICA
CONFRONTS THE TWO EVIL CAPTORS!
NOT SO FAST!
WHO ARE YOU?
BAH! SHE'S ONLY A LITTLE GIRL!
MISS AMERICA TO YOU! NOW TALK AND TALK FAST! WHY DID YOU TRY TO KILL - - -?
SUDDENLY THE TWO HAVE STRANGE SIGNALS AND ATTACK! BUT MISS AMERICA MOVES FAST AND AVOIDS THEIR CHARGE!
WE SHOWN YOU!
NOW I'M HERE AND NOW I'M NOT!
WITH INCREDIBLE SWIFTNESS, "MISS AMERICA ATTACKS BUT--"
YOU ASKED FOR IT, MUGS!


MISS AMERICA IS STUNNED BY A HEAVY CHAIN SET IN MOTION DURING THE BATTLE!
AND TOPPLES BACK OUT OF THE CRANE CAB, HUNDREDS OF FEET ABOVE THE CONCRETE FLOOR BELOW!
NO! DON'T 'I GIFF UP!
OW-W-W!
GOOOT! SHE VILL BE KILLED BY DER FALL! COME - VE MUST VARN DER LEADER!
MEANWHILE MAKING THEIR WAY DOWN, THE TWO SABOTEURS DASH ACROSS THE YARD INTO ANOTHER BUILDING!
DER WHOLE PLANT BY NOW KNOWS VOT VE ARE UP TO!
VE CAN'T STAY HERE AFTER VOT HAPPENED!
SH-H H' I WILL MEET YOU IN THE OFFICE!
IN THE MEANTIME WHILE THE NAZIS ARE ESCAPING, MISS AMERICA STUNNED BY THE IMPACT OF THE CHAIN GOES HURTLING DOWNWARD!!
GOSH! SHE'S FALLING!
OH! I CAN'T LOOK!
SHE'LL BE SMASHED TO BITS!


BUT THANKS TO HER MARVELOUS REGENERATIVE POWERS, MISS AMERICA IS REVIVED BEFORE SHE HITS THE GROUND!
WHERE AM I?! I'M FALLING THRU SPACE!
AND TWISTING HER BODY IN MID-AIR, LANDS UNHURT ON HER FEET!
MADE IT! NOW TO LOOK FOR THOSE RATS!
I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES! SHE'S UNHURT!
LOOK! HER EYES ARE FLASHING STREAKS OF LIGHTNING!
AH! THERE THEY ARE!
STANDING IN THE CENTER OF ASTONISHED WORKERS - - - MISS AMERIKA'S X RAY VISION PIERCES THE STONE AND STEEL WALLS TO LOCATE THE FLEEING NAZIS!
OH! OH! THE NAZIS ARE HEADING FOR THE MANAGER'S OFFICE!
GREAT CAESER! SHE CAN FLY!
ULP! SOMEBODY PINCH ME!
KOOM!
MIMMEL! LOOK! A-A-GH-OST!
NOT QUITE! AND THIS TIME YOU RATS WILL TALK!
AHHH!
WE TELL EVERYTHING! ONLY DON'T KILL US!
THAT'S BETTER! WHO'S YOUR LEADER? AND WHERE - - - WHAT THE - -?
I AM!

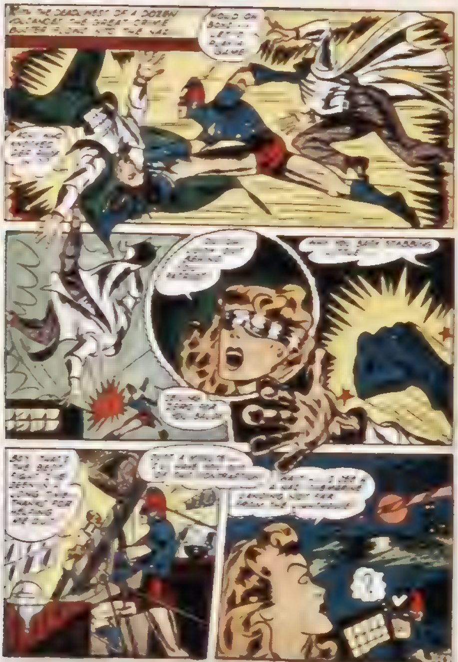
SO! A SLIP OF A GIRL WHO FLIES THRU THE A.S AND HAS UNUSUAL STRENGTH! OR IS THAT JUST THE IMAGINATION OF THESE TWO SNIVELING COWARDS..?
STARTLED BY THE SEARING FLAME, MISS AMERICA BACKS AWAY!
OW-W! FIRE--?
HA HA! OPEN THE SAFE!
INTO THE SAFE YOU GO. HA HA!
THE FOOL NAZI DOESN'T KNOW I COULD!
MOMENTS LATER MISS AMERICA IMPRISONED WITHIN THE STEEL SAFE, HEARS THE NAZIS' PLAN---
AH, HE'S GIVING THE ORDERS NOW!
OH OH! THESE WALLS LOOK KIND OF THIN! I'VE GOT TO LET HIM LOCK ME IN! MAYBE I'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S UP!
WE SHALL DESTROY THIS PLANT AND ESCAPE! YOU TWO SET THE TIME BOMBS IN THE OTHER TWO BUILDINGS. I WILL TAKE CARE OF THIS ONE! THEY MUST GO OFF IN FIVE MINUTES!
AND AS THE NAZIS LEAVE TO SET THE TIME BOMBS!
THIS IS A SPOT! I HAVE FIVE MINUTES TO GET OUT OF THIS SAFE AND STOP THREE TIME BOMBS!


SECONDS LATER MISS AMERICA USES HER ENORMOUS POWER -
UM- UM! THIS IS HARDER THAN I THOUGHT! OOPS! I CAN FEEL THE DOOR GIVING!
R-R-R
AND RIPS THE HUGE [redacted] FROM ITS HINGES!
WOW! I DID IT!
OUT OF THE ROOM AND INTO THE AIR ZOOMS MISS AMERICA!
THE TWO RUNNING TOWARD THE CAR MUST BE THE ONES FROM THE CRANE! THE DRIVER MUST BE THE FLAME THROWER! THAT MEANS THE TIME BOMBS ARE SET!
ZOOM!
ZOOM!
SHE ISN'T HUMAN! THIS TIME SHE MUST DIE!
THAT'S TWO OUT! THREE MINUTES LEFT BEFORE THOSE BOMBS GO OFF! WHAT--
MISS AMERICA'S X-RAY EYES PIERCE THE ARMORED WALLS OF THE TANK AS SHE ZOOMS UP A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE THE CRASH!
CRASH!
ZOOM!
WOW! THE NAZI LEADER WAS DRIVING THAT TANK! GEE! THE TIME BOMBS! I ALMOST FORGOT!


ON AMONG THE STARTLED WORKMEN OF THE STEEL MILL ZOOMS THE FIGURE OF MISS AMERICA!
EXCUSE ME, BOYS! I'LL TAKE THIS GADGET! NUMBER ONE!
ZOOM!
THEN INTO THE WELDING PLANT!
GO RIGHT AHEAD WITH YOUR WORK! NUMBER TWO! ONLY TWO SECONDS TO GO!
ZOOM!
AND -- FINALLY INTO THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING!
AH! THIRD AND LAST!
ZOOM!
CARRYING THE THREE TIME BOMBS WHICH SHE RENDERED HARMLESS, MISS AMERICA SWOOPS TO MAKE A GRACEFUL LANDING IN THE PLANT YARD!
HERE YOU ARE, FOLKS! TAKE GOOD CARE OF THESE! THE F.B.I. WILL WANT TO EXAMINE THEM!
ZOOM!
ZOOM!
THERE SHE IS!
ZOOM!
WE COULD HAVE ALL BEEN BLOWN UP!
SHE HAS COLLECTED THE BOMBS!
WITH THE CHEERS OF THE GRATEFUL WORKERS RINGING IN HER EARS, MISS AMERICA MAKES HER EXIT ----
GOODBYE, FOLKS!
ZOOM!
AND THUS ENDS THE INITIAL ADVENTURE OF MISS AMERICA - MIGHTY NEW CHAMPION OF THE POOR AND OPPRESSED! DON'T MISS THE NEXT THRILLING ADVENTURE OF MISS AMERICA IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS!

The PATRIOT

YAHOO!!

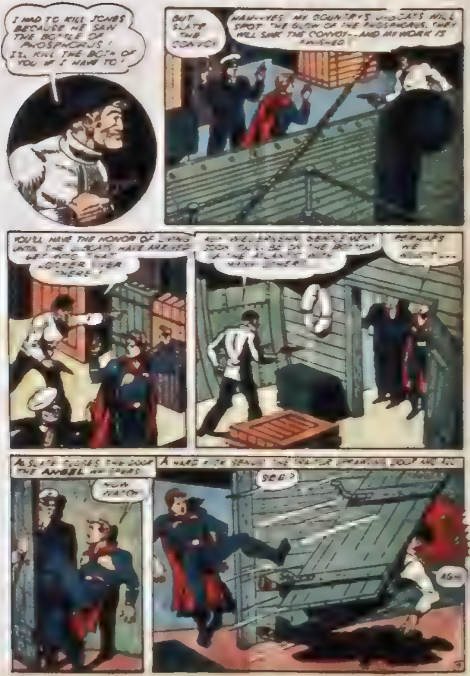


SUDDENLY—
SPLAT!

PATRIOT
MARVEL COMICS

ANGEL

THE ANGEL
MY GOSH!
SLATE!



I HAD TO KILL JONES BECAUSE HE SAW THE BOTTLE OF PHOSPHORUS! I'LL KILL THE BOTH OF YOU IF I HAVE TO!
BUT SLATE THE CONVOY
YES MY COUNTRY'S U-BOATS WILL SPOT THE GLOW OF THE PHOSPHORUS. THEY WILL SINK THE CONVOY--AND MY WORK IS FINISHED!
YOU'LL HAVE THE HONOR OF LIVING UNTIL THE U-BOATS HAVE ARRIVED GET INTO THAT LOCKER OVER THERE!
PERHAPS WE ...
AS SLATE CLOSES THE DOOR THE ANGEL WHISPERS
NOW WATCH
A HARD KICK SENDS THE TRAITOR
SEE?
AGH!

Announcing THE MAY MARVEL CONTEST Winners

FIRST PRIZE of \$50.00 goes to **ALFRED SERENSON**, Bronx, N.Y.

SECOND PRIZE of \$25.00 goes to **JOHN E. THAYER**, Creighton St., Cambridge, Mass.

THIRD PRIZE of \$10.00 goes to **ROY V. SWINAMER**, Co. 6, Sect. J, Billet, U.S. Naval Training School, Navy Pier, Chicago, Ill.

THE FOLLOWING 15 PRIZES OF \$1.00 EACH GO TO...

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- BILL KAYLOR
- WILLIAM COLE
- JOAN E. GRANT, St. Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- VIRGINIA WAUGH
- Pvt. PRESTON VIBBERT
- MURRAY FORMAN
- MARCELLA KUTA, Chicago, Ill.
- NELLIE PHILLIPS
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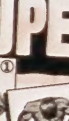

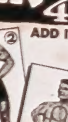

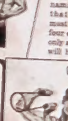

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